

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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Our Outlook Tower.

"A SPIRITUALIST'S CONVICTIONS."

MR. ERNEST W. OATEN, President of the Spiritualists' International Federation, gave an excellent broadcast on Spiritualism (reported in *The Listener* with the above heading) from the London headquarters of the B.B.C. on Friday, April 13th.

Mr. Oaten said he had been brought up in the bosom of Nonconformity, and in his late 'teens was seriously troubled by grave doubts concerning matters of religion. It seemed to him that the whole of religion turned upon the question of whether there was, or was not, an after life. He came to the conclusion that there was no evidence whatever for a future life.

Then he heard of Spiritualism, which he at first regarded with credulity and contempt, but later decided that if the experiences narrated by reliable men could be trusted, Spiritualism offered the evidence that could be found nowhere else.

He began his personal investigations at a seance in February, 1892, when his grandfather, who had died some years before, spelt out highly veridical messages about himself and his wife through the table. After that experience he began, he said, "a long course of reading and personal investigation, which has lasted forty odd years, brought me untold happiness, settled all doubts as to there being wisdom and purpose behind all life, and left me without a single shred of doubt as to my eternal future."

In the course of his address Mr. Oaten said he had met with fraud in Spiritualism, but not more than one met in the ordinary affairs of life.

He had gained most of his experience in "Home Circles," and recommended that method of inquiry to his listeners.

Having given a concise resumé of Spiritualist claims and beliefs, he concluded—"I believe with Victor Hugo that 'When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare. I shall close my eyes upon the twilight, only to open them upon the dawn.'"

NEANDERTHAL MAN AND SURVIVAL.

MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, London, in a recent address at Edinburgh on "Two Great Gifts of Last Century," said, that Neanderthal man believed in survival. This could be deduced from ancient burials, tools, and other articles being buried with the individual, indicating a belief that he was going to a hereafter.

While the scientists could speak to the fact, they could suggest no answer to the question why primitive man should hold such a belief. There were no traditions behind him to explain it. Primitive men could not have found this view from their knowledge of what happened to the bodies of their friends, which after death disintegrated. Egotism could not explain it. Primitive man could not have invented a soul. So the conclusion might be drawn that just as certain people to-day had the faculty of visions and clairvoyance, so primitive men must have had similar faculties. Possibly they, too, had mediums.

This belief went on all through the centuries, until we got to last century, when intellect began to put questions which religion could not answer. As religion asked them to believe much more than they could swallow, intellect rejected everything, and a terrible condition of materialism ensued. Materialism had never been so rampant as in last century. Then came the raps at Hydesville, which on a code being formed gave intelligent communications. Ordered psychic research emerged from chaos. When materialism was at its height the discovery of the wireless wave gave the key to realms undreamt of hitherto. The scientists had been driven from the old conception of matter, and were finding themselves compelled to admit a guiding intelligence behind everything.

Professor Jeans and other scientists stated, in contrast with the last century view that all was matter, that there was nothing but mind. This was all through the discovery of wireless waves by Sir Oliver Lodge, who gave the first demonstration of wireless telegraphy at a garden party in Liverpool.

THE POISON OF FEAR.

MR. H. ERNEST HUNT, in one of a series of lectures delivered in the Edinburgh Psychic College last month, discoursed on the sub-conscious self and its operations.

Nothing, he said, escaped registration in the sub-conscious mind; and it was unfortunate that in the ordinary course so many thoughts we had on the subject of health were thoughts of disease. People expected disease. They should keep their resisting power high up by positive thoughts. Negative thoughts had a depressing effect. If one gave the sub-conscious the suggestion that one could not digest cucumber, then the cucumber could not be digested.

The subconscious was a splendid servant, but an impossible master. Everyone was accumulating gradually the effects of health thoughts or disease thoughts. Conscious thinking must be positive or negative, harmful or helpful, good or bad. Every negative emotion produced definite poisoning of the bloodstream.

These negative emotions were anger, hatred, malice, jealousy, and all uncharitableness. A poison so introduced could actually be traced in the moisture of the breathing, or the exudations of the sweat glands. People who were jealous impaired their own physical health. Jealousy was always the effect of an inferiority complex. Jealous persons felt themselves inferior to other people, and so began to be jealous of them.

Fear could inhibit every secretion in the body, and had the power of injuring right up to killing one stone dead. There were numerous records where fear had absolutely killed a person. The one thing to be afraid of in life was fear. It was a deadly poison. Negative thinking was bad for nations as well as individuals.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS IN ITALIAN AND ENGLISH HOSPITALS.

PIRANO, a little town on the Istrian coast, peopled by fishermen and sailors, is greatly excited over a mysterious emanation of light which has roused the imagination and religious sentiments of the populace (says the *Times*.)

A woman, Anna Morano, was admitted to the local hospital some time ago suffering from asthma and hysterical attacks. About the middle of last month a nurse noted in the ward where the woman was sleeping with six or seven others an intense light of brief duration which came from the bed of the woman in the region of her chest. All the lights of the hospital were out and the windows closed. The nurse informed the doctors of what she had seen and the patient was watched.

For several successive evenings the luminous phenomenon was repeated. Sometimes the light was directed upwards and took the form of a globe, which shone in the darkness of the ward on to the nearest beds and even on to the walls, but at other times it lighted only the face of the patient and was in the form of rays. It was also seen to assume the appearance of broken rays resembling lightning. Its duration was invariably three or four seconds.

The *Times* also published a letter from Mr. R. H. Jackson, M.R.C.S., of Bridgeway, Bakewell, stating that a nurse described to him the case of a private patient who was lying in a comatose state for some days. A light resembling a small luminous globe floated into the room, and, after remaining a minute or two over the patient, disappeared. She did not mention the incident to the family, but discovered later that an old maidservant who shared duty with her had also seen it on several occasions.

If Mr. Jackson or the hospital nurse should be acquainted with our subject they may be able to explain to their friends that the luminous globe they saw was probably a spirit light and that, with a greater gift of clairvoyance, a spirit comforter and messenger might have been seen with it.

The Search for Happiness.

BY M. GREEN, BILLERICAY.

TO-DAY the earth is filled with people searching for happiness. It is amazing into what different directions the search is conducted. Some seem to think it can be found in the doleful expression and folded hands of the religionist. Some there are who seek for this priceless treasure in amusement, while others, pandering to their appetites, think it may be found in a surfeit of good things. Vainly they search; happiness is not to be found in any of these excesses, whether it be material or seeming spirituality.

The only key that can open the door of this hidden treasure is Service accompanied by Love. Herein lies happiness, an abiding and uplifting peace that only those who serve can know. The shallow pleasures of the world disappear when once this jewel of great price is found.

And in what way can service be exercised? We look around hoping to find something to be done, something of importance, a service that will bear our mark, vainly hoping for a sign to lead us to some imagined great work, for our eyes are not as yet open to perceive the need for help just waiting at our door or in our home.

Try, my friends, to see what can be done in near and familiar surroundings—a kindly word, a helping hand, an understanding attitude when irritability forces itself to the forefront, the cause of which you may not know. A sympathetic attitude when the burden of work or finding the wherewithal of life becomes intolerable. If possible, try to take upon yourselves some of that burden or help to lessen the load, if not materially then by an understanding spirit. Many homes could be turned from misery to happiness if this course were pursued.

Then, crossing your doorstep, ease by a smile or kind word some of the misery so apparent around you, carrying a face that is the window of love, peeping out therefrom upon the wretchedness crying aloud in its despair.

Many little acts of kindness, forgotten by the donor, are yet remembered with thankful hearts by those who have felt the sympathy of understanding.

Draw near, my friends, one to the other. There may be traits of character not appreciated by you, but remember you also may have a fault or quality not always harmonious. Do not wait for big service to be rendered. It may never come your way. But rather let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

Letter to the Editor.

THE REV. "DICK" SHEPPARD AND THOSE WHO MOURN.

LONDON,

April 5th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I was very interested by the "Open Letter to the Rev. Dick Sheppard" in your last issue on the subject of his comfortless reply to a bereaved mother, and I would go further by questioning the right of a Minister of the Church to hold office if unable to present the Truths of Christianity more fully. The failure of their appeal lies, not in any lack of fundamental truth, but in the paucity of its presentment.

The simple case of the bereaved mother, vainly seeking for comfort, illustrates only too well how organised Christianity can be "let down" by its presenters, who, ignorant and afraid of its greatness, are unable to respond to the teaching of the Master, and take refuge in the "letter" of the creed.

Mr. Sheppard replies in the *Sunday Express* of April 1st to "Mentor's" Open Letter by saying that he has "nothing to offer to those who raise curious speculations about a further life," nor is he "disposed to discuss with those who peer through the keyhole of the door to another world, and bring dubious reports of trivial happenings there!"

How pathetic to see the huge edifice of the Church thus brought to ridicule by its own ministers. Has Mr. Sheppard realised that if it were not for the denial by the Church of its very fundamentals, there would be no necessity for Spiritualism?

One hates to labour the point, it is too hopelessly sad, but I would join with "Mentor" in the effort to express the realisation of life's greatness, its joys, its loveliness: I would tell the bereaved mother that death is not terrible, it is beautiful.

Separation may be terrible, in so far as it is possible, but it is only possible in the case of the physical form. The spirit of her dear one has only left the body that he used. He, himself, lives as he will always live, loves as he always loved, conscious as he was always conscious, happier than ever before, for the limitations of the physical plane no longer exist.

I would very gently instil the thought that sorrow for one passed on, is but sorrow for oneself, for birth and death are equally natural, good, and beautiful, and one's attachment to another, whether by family or other tie, is a beautiful continuation, real and eternal, not just ephemeral and physical.

Ties of love will never be broken, can never be broken, for Love is the Divine Expression, the One Great Law of all planes.

I am, Yours faithfully,

R. WITTEY.

To One Who Mourns.

[How the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard might have replied to the Bereaved Mother.]

Cheer up, lone soul, you have no cause to grieve,
Your loved one goes a little on ahead
To clear the path for loving steps;
He is not dead.

'Tis but the miss of earthly form, the cloak
That hid from mortal view
The beauty of the soul you love,
He lives and will respond to you.
No distance can divide when love holds sway
The veil is thin, and every loving thought
Will bring him nearer and prepare the way
For your reunion when your battle's fought.
In spirit you'll perceive his form
More beauteous than the earthly dress;
Cheer up, dear soul, and give him of your best,
For he is ever near to comfort and to bless.
The body that he used, so subject to decay
And Circumstance, to which we bow,
Is cast aside; and freed, he lives and loves;
Can you not feel his inspiration now? R.W.

OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

"A Spiritualist Awakening."

"What a remarkable article by Pietro Ubaldi in your April number! It needs re-reading and thinking over. All religions and peoples are anticipating a spiritual awakening and a new world of existence here—on this plane. The whole world is teeming with spiritual energy, which is counteracting all the materialistic and undoing forces—the powers of darkness. It is marvellous that many keep sane in the midst of the enormous conflict, but the dawn is breaking. Thank you for all you have written and printed this month."

A Postcard from Gibraltar.

"Congratulations on keeping up the high standard of the paper."

"An Intellectual Treat."

"This month's *Gazette* is the best I have read since I first knew it. Your leading article on 'Immortality' has been an intellectual treat. I am simply over-awed by the technique and phrasing, even without considering the matter."

"Your Brilliant Magazine."

"It puzzles me how you can always find so much matter for your brilliant magazine."

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The Passing of Alfred Vout Peters.

MR. ALFRED VOUT PETERS, one of the group of classical English mediums who have been faithfully functioning in the vanguard of Spiritualism during the past half century passed suddenly to the higher life on March 31st last, at the age of sixty-five years. He had travelled from London to Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, on Thursday, March 29th, to conduct the Spiritualist Eastertide Services, and apart from feeling the effects of the tiring journey he was apparently in the best of health. On Good Friday morning he was found lying unconscious on his bedroom floor. A doctor was called in and pronounced that he had had a paralytic stroke, and that there was no hope of recovery. He never resumed consciousness, and passed on at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, Mrs. Peters being present.

His remains were cremated at Golder's Green on Thursday, April 5th, in the presence of representatives of many sections of the Spiritualist Movement. Mr. Charles Glover Botham conducted the preliminary Spiritualist service. There were no signs of grief or sorrow, but rather expressions of satisfaction that Mr. Peters had finished his course without pain or suffering. Mrs. Peters, in the midst of her friends, said she was not sad or upset in any way. "Why, this is almost like a picnic!" she exclaimed. Veritably, death has lost all its bitter sting for true Spiritualists!

Alfred Vout Peters came of an old Thames-side family, whose name can be traced back as far as the Wandsworth Church records go. His father was a master-lighterman, and he himself until the age of sixteen spent his life on the river. His mother possessed mediumistic gifts, but never developed them; nor does it appear that she knew anything about Spiritualism.

One day, when young Peters went home, he found his mother in tears. She explained that she felt sure some accident had happened to his father and brother. It had as was soon discovered; they had been thrown out of a dog-cart near St. Thomas's Hospital.

Peters himself was clairvoyant from his earliest boyhood. He told us on one occasion how he was always aware as a child of a spirit boy and girl playing with him, and that he was never alone, or afraid of being alone. There, again, he owed much to the influence of his mother, for she used to tell him—and it seems to us as we recall it a very beautiful thing for her to have said—that "God's angels never hurt little boys."

Always delicate as a child, his education consequently suffered. His father died when he was sixteen, and shortly afterwards, whilst walking along the Strand, he heard a voice calling "Alf" so distinctly that he replied audibly, "Yes, dad, what is it?"

Mr. Peters married Miss Favery in 1903; she was

a member of the Church of England, but took a great interest in her husband's work, and travelled with him on his Continental tours.

About this time a spirit friend wrote through his hand and also foretold his life's great mission, which he himself up to that moment had never dreamt of. His mediumship was developed at Mrs. Clark's sittings in Camberwell Road.

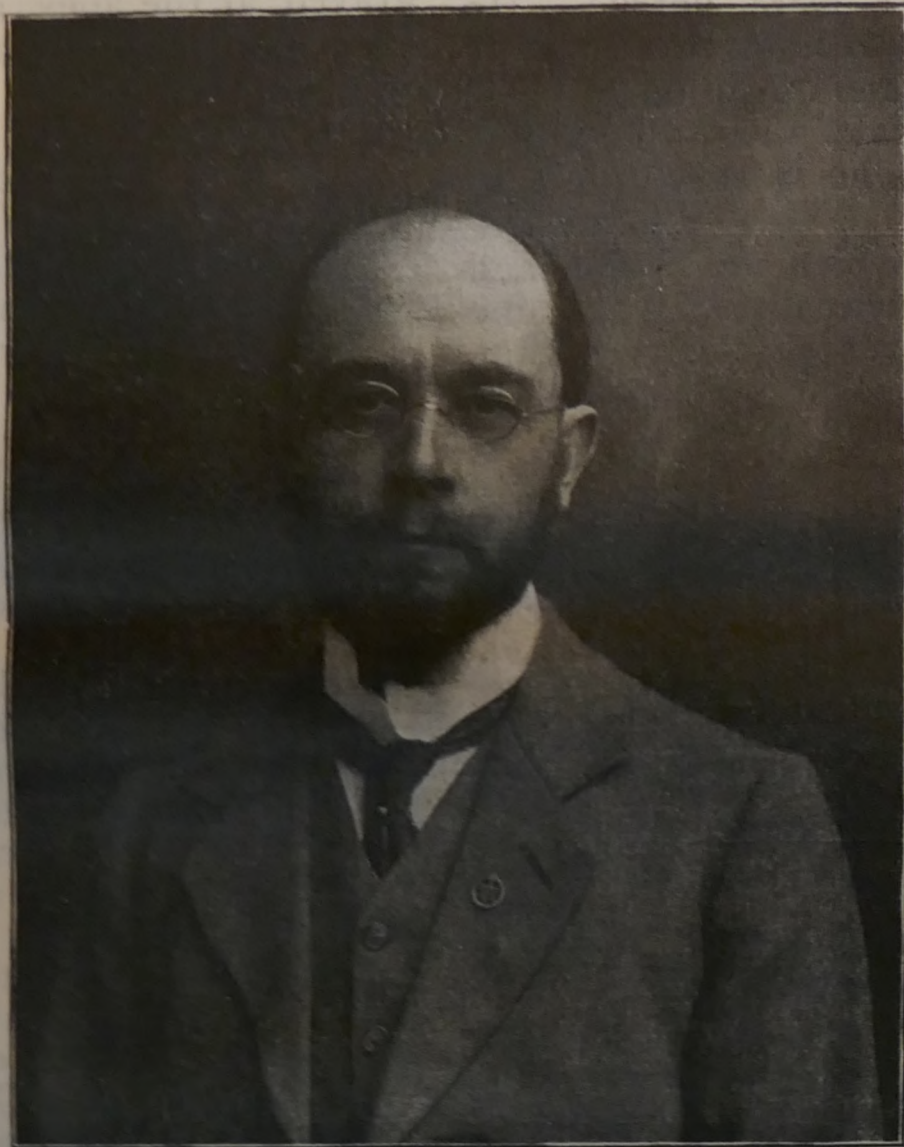
Early in his career Peters was one of Mr. Stead's trusted mediums on the staff of Julia's Bureau, and in more recent times Sir Oliver Lodge found his gifts of great value.

More than any other English medium he was used as an apostle to spread the truths of Spiritualism in foreign lands. In the first or second year of the present century the Princess Karadja invited him to go to Sweden, and there he found how easy it was, with the aid of an interpreter, to carry on his work. That began his many series of foreign travels which have ended only with his death. Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland—all knew his gifts, and in Finland a book was issued concerning his work and certain important researches that were undertaken with the help of his mediumship.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters arranged, not long ago, that should he die first he would return to her and give her a personal message. Up to the time of writing this has not been received, but Mrs. Peters has arranged with four of his personal friends to have a sitting in his study in about a fortnight's time.

Mrs. Peters has received over two hundred letters from friends, in this and other countries, expressing warm sympathy and giving glowing tributes, and she has desired us to convey her heartiest thanks to the writers.

In "Bridging Two Worlds," by Wallis Mansford, a new book being published by Riders, many references are given to convincing spirit communications received through Mr. Peters from Rupert Brooke, the famous poet, whose career was unhappily cut short in the War.



ALFRED VOUT PETERS.

For example, at the British Psychic College on April 28th, 1922, Mr. Peters gave Mr. Mansford this description:—

"The spirit is with you of one who died abroad during the War, fairly young, fine features, very thick brown hair.

"The climate is warm, and in his closing hours he suffered from thirst." (He was on a French hospital ship in the Mediterranean, dying from blood poisoning.)

"An anniversary associated with him is very near." (This message was given on the 28th April, and the Poets' Celestial Birthday is St. George's Day, the 23rd.)

"He is a man of strong personality, and appears to me in a very unusual way, marking his individuality and unusual type of mind."

Rupert Brooke, thereafter, thoroughly established his identity through various mediums, and, acting on his specific directions, Mr. Mansford recorded the psychic happenings to do with him covering messages received at some three hundred visitations, all of which had some direct bearing on his own life and work.

How I Met The Rev. George Vale Owen Before and After He Passed Over.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

I REMEMBER on one occasion, after the Sunday evening service at the Grottrian Hall, when the address was given by Mr. G. Vale Owen, and Mrs. Estelle Roberts gave clairvoyance, she requested all present who were the daughters of clergymen to hold up their hands. I was surprised to see the great number of hands that were raised, including my own.

She pointed to me, and said, "There is a clergyman standing behind you, with his arm round your shoulders." She then described my Father. "He wants you to know that since he passed over he has had much to *unlearn*," she said. "He realises now that he preached doctrines that were untrue. He particularly wishes you to know that he was bigoted and prejudiced, and unwilling to make allowances for the beliefs of those who differed from him. He says he is very proud of you!"

The only subject on which my Father and I really differed was Spiritualism. The name of George Vale Owen was anathema to him. Almost his last earthly words to me were, "Leave Spiritualism alone. It is the borderline between the devil and insanity!" I had tried in vain to persuade him to read the Vale Owen scripts!

After the meeting I told Mr. Vale Owen what had just happened. He was much impressed, and said that it was striking evidence that my Father who had preached so strongly against Spiritualism, and had denounced him so mercilessly, should have now returned to acknowledge his errors through a medium at a Spiritualist meeting, with such a heretic as George Vale Owen on the platform!

A year after the passing of Mr. Vale Owen, I attended a bazaar organised by the Spiritualist Community, and had a sitting with Mrs. Stock, the well-known medium. "Who is George?" she asked me, and then described a tall thin man, with a long emaciated face. I replied that I was unable to recognise the name or the description. Suddenly her face assumed an expression of amazed awe-struck reverence. She gazed over my head in silence.

"Oh, what a *beautiful* spirit!" she exclaimed. "All his life was given in service and sacrifice for others." After a pause she continued, "You are bathed in purple and gold; have you anyone in spirit who held a high position in the Church?" I replied that I had many relatives in spirit connected with the Church, but none of them were called George!

"Why, it is George Vale Owen!" she exclaimed. "He always wore a purple cassock and a gold cross. He has placed a purple cloak round your shoulders, and holds a gold cross above your head. He has brought with him a beautiful spirit, a lady who wears a Quaker bonnet and is called Elizabeth. He says that together they are helping and inspiring you. You must go forward without fear; you are strongly protected by a band of high spirits."

This Quaker lady was Elizabeth Fry, whose life was spent in service and sacrifice, among

the unfortunate prisoners of her day. She has been seen with me by many mediums, and was a great friend of my mother's family, who were Quakers. The protecting "band of high spirits," I connect with a palm leaf cross Mr. Vale Owen gave me, to "form a link" between his guides and mine.

Soon after my sitting with Mrs. Stock, I sat in a circle at the Friendship Centre. Mr. Stephen Foster was in trance, controlled by his brother, Tom. During the séance I saw Mr. Vale Owen crossing the room to me; he walked nearly two feet above the ground, and with him I sensed a second presence. He held a gold cross before me, on which was engraved, at the apex, a wreath of laurel leaves, and, in the centre, a dove carrying an olive branch in its beak. I heard the words, "Peace after Victory."

When my turn came Tom said to me, "George Vale Owen is standing behind you. He has brought with him a minister called Davidson." This "minister called Davidson" I afterwards learnt was Dr. Randall Davidson, who was Archbishop of Canterbury when the Vale Owen scripts were published in the *Weekly Dispatch*, and also at the time when Mr. Vale Owen resigned his living at Orford because of his belief in the truths of Spiritualism. They have since returned together on several occasions.

I have a friend who gives her services at the Stead Bureau, who was once a reader at Mr. Vale Owen's circles. She told me of a strange vision she had when she was present at the funeral of Mrs. Stead. She saw Mr. Vale Owen holding a gold cross above his head, which suddenly rose into the air carrying him with it, until he floated above the heads of the congregation. She did not understand the meaning of the vision until the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," was sung. The words, "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," explained what she had seen. The suffering that ended his earthly life was the cross that raised him to the Courts of Heaven.

Last Easter morning I knelt at the altar rails waiting to receive communion. I saw the priest approaching, followed by George Vale Owen, who looked radiantly young and happy. All traces of suffering had vanished, the lines had gone from his face, and he wore no glasses. He always taught that at Communion, which he called "The Love Feast at which earth meets Heaven," the etheric elements of the bread and wine were joined to the earthly elements by a thin cord, and that the spirit people could partake of them with us. I always ask him to bring those who need help, that they may share my communion. The radiance of his presence showed that he had granted my request.

The facts that I have mentioned here connecting the Rev. George Vale Owen with the cross are confirmed by the words in his book, "A Voice from Heaven." He there describes himself as a "New-born Companion of the Cross."

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Mirror-Writing at Reading.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF AN AUTOMATIST.

MRS. MABEL HUGHMAN, perhaps the most remarkable of England's non-professional automatic writers, visited the Reading Psychical Investigation Society recently to give a demonstration of what she calls "Mirror-writing." It is quite a unique form of automatism, for her controls use her hand to write messages backwards, which cannot be read except through a mirror.

The demonstration was given in the Cinema ballroom at three o'clock in the afternoon, but Mrs. Hughman motored from Southsea to Reading earlier in the day to give a preliminary test sitting to an unknown member of the Society so that the result might be announced at the later meeting.

Mrs. Hughman has kindly given us the following special account of the affair:—

When the day came the sun shone brightly and I left Southsea at midday to motor to the address given me—15 Waylen Street, Reading.

Hurrying out of the car, I found on the door step, a sweet-looking elderly lady, with twinkling blue eyes and a warm hand-clasp. Everything was ready, so we began immediately. I read this little verse aloud:—

"Love shall be your
steersman,
Peace take oars to row
you,
And the blue of
Heaven shine
In the depths below
you."

The lady's mother, in spirit life, was the first to come through. I endeavoured to give the sitter's Christian name, but only got two letters right. Two hours' motor-ing was no fit preparation for my part, but as the power grew stronger we got the desired name, "Annie."

Then I asked our unseen friend to write her own baptismal name; here, as is sometimes the case, some ingenuity was shown, for she wrote her surname—"Stuart." Upon a further request for the Christian name we got "Mary."

"Now we want Annie's surname." It was written at once—"Berry."

I then realised I must be in the home of the enthusiastic Secretary of the Society. So I asked a gentleman sitting in the bay window to draw close to the table and from thence onwards everything went well.

Mary Stuart laid down the pencil, and Annie's husband came through, gave his name, William, pointed to his son and wrote "Harry." He then gave his age and birthday, and there followed one of those beautiful moments of spiritual joy, which no words can express, as he wrote:—"All that my son does makes for Righteousness."

Then followed a loving message from William, and the dear old lady glowed like a rose as she read the mirror-writing of intimate endearments from her unseen husband. She became so rejuvenated that though seventy-six she looked a girl!

The final message was written with great reverence:—"We shall all one day unite to worship and adore the King of Heaven."

Then the pencil was laid at the foot of a picture

before us, "The Light of the World," and a touch on the hands of the sitters ended this heavenly time of sweet communion.

Mr. Berry escorted me to the hall, and there I found a charming hostess and several other delightful ladies. Then I was introduced to the chairman, Mr. Dudley Parsons, a great man in every way, and also to Mr. Graham Moffat, the well-known dramatist, whose geniality is too well known to require comment. There was no time to linger as the time to begin had arrived, and we entered the gaily decorated ballroom.

Mr. Graham Moffat first described how the death of a gentleman named Gordon, who was well known to several members of the Society, had been foretold through the mediumship of Mr. Watson. Mr. Gordon had been ill for some time, but the statement from the controlling spirit that he would not recover was a great shock to the little circle. Upon asking whether anything could be done to alleviate the pain, the controlling spirit seemed to leave the medium, as though

to visit the sick man, and in a few minutes he again spoke through the medium, saying that from that time the invalid would suffer no further pain, that he would sleep, and would pass out of the body quite peacefully. Actually, from that time, the pain left his friend; he had been able to sleep, and had passed peacefully away the night before.

Mr. Graham Moffat followed his account of this remarkably evidential incident by a beautiful prayer for Light and Guidance in the search for Truth.

Mr. Dudley Parsons, barrister-at-law, made a delightful chairman, and told the audience how I had been convinced of the Truth of Spiritualism by the help of the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas at Bromley; and, after having developed the gift of Automatic Writing I had been able to bring consolation and joy to over seven hundred people.

I prefaced my address with the words of

Robert Browning:—

"'Tis time new hopes should animate the world,
New light should dawn from new revealings."

I added, that for those who cared to seek the New Revelation was at hand, coming through many channels, to a world weighed down so long.

I referred to two incidents in the Old Testament which I had discussed with Mr. Bligh Bond, and which we both considered referred to Automatic Writing, viz., First Book of Chronicles, chap. 28, Verse 19; and Second Book of Chronicles, chap. 21, Verse 12. I then spoke of my own early development (1) by means of the planchette, (2) with a pencil pushed through a cotton reel, and finally by the pencil held in my left hand.

MIRROR WRITING.

This writing, in the reverse way, first came through in connection with some advice we received in the Bromley Circle of Psychic Study. The Guide thought it was necessary to have an Advisory Committee to receive suggestions from members and attend to any written complaints. So five names were given, and this illegible script was read by a lady sitting near, upon holding it up to a mirror.

Another time, a gentleman assured me that he was unconsciously guiding my hand, so the next page was

(Continued on next page.)



MRS. MABEL HUGHMAN.

MIRROR-WRITING AT READING.—Continued.

given in mirror writing. He was mystified and rather annoyed when he read it!

I showed the audience a script on Faith, Hope and Charity, written in German and signed by the sitter's father—John Daniel Christian Beckendorf.

I alluded to messages written in Russian from a Russian General to his fiancée. He spoke of his passing, being frozen to death in the mud, and his reception into the Spirit World, of how many men of his regiment in military array met him with a chariot and escorted him to a Home of Rest.

There were two instances where we had communicators who were still living on the earth plane. They knew they had gone to sleep and informed us of the fact.

One young mother, who had lost her eldest child, was overjoyed when he wrote the name given him—Ethelbert—for he had only lived two hours. He told us about his angel teachers and the delightful lessons they had and how he could read and write and draw, and how he came back to his earthly home to see his two little brothers.

An old lady of ninety-nine, who had never had any education, was full of pride at her achievement in writing (the spelling was fearful!), and told us how happy she was now she could read the Bible and how she loved the PASLMS!

During my address I was a little perturbed at the thought of the coming demonstration, but knowing that Michael had promised that mirror-writing would be given, I had purchased the blackest pencils obtainable to make the words visible to the audience. Large sheets of cartridge paper were fastened to firm card-

board on the wall at the back of the platform, and an unknown gentleman placed his hand upon mine. Warmth and power flowed freely, and at once words of large formation were rapidly written. As sheet after sheet was covered they were passed round the audience who were able to read them by holding them up to the light.

The first sheet had these words:—"All here read St. Luke, Chap. III, Verse 17," but none of us had a New Testament to find the message. Then followed something about the greater work of usefulness of the Society.

Another page was in Latin, and two more sheets followed. The words were about three inches high and the whole thing was most exhausting to me.

I made a mistake at the end of the demonstration by trying to get the name of the gentleman's mother, but could get nothing decipherable.

As a vote of thanks the audience accorded me much applause, and I hurriedly left to get back to Southsea.

While resting at home wearied, but with acute mental alertness, I looked up the verse in St. Luke. Then I read the words in Moffat's translation and also Weymouth's, but I could not quite see the bearing of them. However, in recounting my day's work to that sweet and saintly lady, "Heather B," then visiting here, she gave me illumination. "I think the message is a warning to those present, and the idea of the winnowing or sifting that is to come, when the grain and the chaff will be separated, will perhaps open the hearts of the hearers to accept the good seed of Truth being sown."

A Valiant Worker for Spiritualism.

MISS FLORENCE MORSE, the gifted and beloved daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Morse, the famous trance medium and Editor of the *Two Worlds*, passed on to the more glorious life on Monday morning, February 26th.

She was greatly esteemed as a Spiritualist lecturer and demonstrator all over England and the British Colonies. From her headquarters in Manchester she had been accustomed to make three tours per annum of four to six weeks duration in the South of England, with London as a base; and in nearly all the towns in the Midlands and in many towns in Scotland, she was honoured and welcomed.

Her first appearance on the public platform was at Blanche Hall, Stoke Newington, and soon she was a regular speaker at the Marylebone Spiritualist Association's hall in Mortimer Street, London, and elsewhere.

Early in life she accompanied her father and mother to Australia, New Zealand, and the United States of America. For three months she occupied the platform of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists at Melbourne, with marked success. Then for four months she toured New Zealand, visiting Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland, etc. In the United States of America she addressed the Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association at Washington, and made an extended tour through the principal American cities.

Her addresses were everywhere excellent, her clairvoyance convincing, and as she had a beautiful well-trained soprano voice, her solos lent charm and grace to her appearances.

She was truly a very valiant and valued worker for the good Cause.

Mrs. A. M. White, who shared a house with Miss Morse for some years at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, writes us as follows:—

"My state of health does not allow me to write an article for the *Gazette* about Miss Morse, although

I should love to pay such a tribute to the best, the truest, and the noblest woman it has ever been my lot to meet in this world. Words would fail me, and it would take a book to do justice to one whose life was a series of sorrows nobly borne, of self-denial to an extent that few could understand, and of never failing courage and perseverance in carrying on her work to the last. She had her wish and died in harness, a fate that we may all envy and hope for."

Mrs. White's sincere tribute will be echoed and appreciated by all Spiritualists who had the good fortune to be numbered among Miss Morse's many friends.

THE STUDY OF ASTROLOGY.

THE Astrological Lodge of the Theosophical Society in England has a useful note in its Syllabus emphasising the truth that "astrology is no mere system of fortune-telling. It is a Universal Philosophy, founded on demonstrable scientific facts."

The object of the Lodge is to form a strong body of earnest students to study astrology and to purify it from unworthy associations. Public lectures are being given at 7 p.m. on the first two and last Monday evenings of May at the hall of the Art Workers' Guild in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, by Mrs. Earp, Mrs. Parkes and Mr. G. H. Bailey.

Spiritualist Visitors to Windsor during the summer months should not forget to call and pay their respects to Mr. J. J. Vango, England's highly-esteemed veteran medium, at St. Leonard's Lodge, Clewer's Green. He has now been practising as a professional medium for over fifty-two years, and during the war he administered comfort and consolation literally to thousands of bereaved people. Before that time he worked at Julia's Bureau in close association with Mr. W. T. Stead, who once told him, "Man made parsons, but God made mediums!" In a recent letter Mr. Vango tells us that though he has had some health trouble during the past winter he is glad to be still able to carry on his work and to receive his old friends and clients.

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, author of "On the Edge of the Etheric," has gone for a short pleasure visit to Florence, Italy, where his daughter is at school, and he expects to give addresses to the Spiritualists of Genoa, Florence, and Rome.

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Charles Webster Leadbeater.

BY W. LOFTUS HARE.

THE recent passing of Mr. Leadbeater is an event which calls for notice here. He was a man who had more influence on the fate and fortune—or, rather, the misfortunes—of the Theosophical Society than any other member, not excluding Mrs. Besant herself; for, truth to tell, for twenty years she was no more than an eloquent mouthpiece for her ineloquent colleague.

These two leaders dominated the Society during my long period of membership, and I cannot recall a single idea in that distressful time that was not initiated, openly or secretly, by Leadbeater.

It is difficult to write with dispassion of the history of those days when the Society was rent in twain, more than once. The two parts were never equal, but the division was sharp and there was no neutrality, nor could there be.

Mr. Leadbeater was a country curate in the South of England, and in the 'eighties or thereabouts was interested in Psychism. He joined the T.S. and was discerned by Madame Blavatsky to be one whom she should do well to put on the right path. There is before me a photograph of a letter written to him about the time of his first journey to India, advising him to meet and join forces with "Upasita" in Egypt. It was the first of those missives written in a feigned hand by the lady herself, supposed to come from the Master, K.H., and was a bad beginning to C. W. Leadbeater's career. He never became a true "Blavatskyite," however.

After being made a Buddhist in Ceylon he returned to England as the tutor to Mr. A. P. Sinnett's son. Journeys to America and elsewhere provided adventures which brought Mr. Leadbeater into trouble and led to his resignation from the T.S. in 1906, after an historic contest.

In 1908 he was taken back into the fold, and thereafter began his "neo-Theosophical" campaign. It was based on the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, which he illuminated with a wealth of detail, of which the Indian original forms knew nothing. Psychism, clairvoyance, fairies and pseudo-history became his stock in trade.

His output was immense, and no one could stand up to him. This was largely due to a wonderfully clever method of suggestion and indecision, which gave no opening for attack, nor attacked any other view.

He re-wrote the history of mankind without reference books—apparently—and dislocated all accepted facts into a new interpretation. Theosophists, having accepted the data of Psychism from the earlier generations, found it easy, or difficult, to swallow these new revelations, but impossible to confirm or deny them. There was always Mrs. Besant's own reputation and faith in her colleague, which no loyal member would venture to doubt.

And so we had "Man, whence, how, and whither?" and "The Lives of Alcyone," etc., put before us year by year. Out of the latter composition at length came the youth of flesh and blood, Krishnamurti, silent and mysteri-

ous, handsome and well dressed. Next came the deft prophecies of the young man's future, his identification with Christ and the Lord Maitreya: Buddhists and Christians were caught in one trap and succumbed to the snare. What else could they do?

The next step was to found a new church: the Old Catholic Church which became the Liberal Catholic Church and drew into its hierarchy most of the leading Theosophists of England, America and Australia.

It is impossible to deny that, once begun, this development of "neo-Theosophy" was consistent and inevitable. The false steps had been taken so long ago and no one knew to what they would lead—except their able initiator. He must have known. He had infinite patience, a good memory, a persuasive pen and tongue, and a great personal vogue. He was never known to be angry or critical like his occult sister, the President. He would lecture and converse, but never argue; all his interlocutors were put into the attitude of suppliants for his wisdom.

I saw him a few years ago, dressed in clerical garb at the Friends' House, smiling and sprightly as a man half his age. "What shall I talk about?" he began. After half an hour he was deep in his uncontradicted Psychism, upon which his authority rested.

It is not for me to say that he had no supernormal powers: I do not know. But I am certain of this, that wherever it was possible to bring his statements to the test—and that was not often—they could not stand.

I gave prolonged study to some of his "Lives" and seizing upon two periods that I knew well, Old Persia and Peru, I made a merciless exposure of his inventions in the *Occult Review*. The result was astonishing! Former colleagues of his and many readers agreed with me, while angry rejoinders came from Australia. Most surprising of all: I believe I was the only writer who ever drew a letter to the Press from Mr. Leadbeater. I forced him to it.

And so, I have no hesitation in saying, quite frankly, that I never was able to accept a single specific teaching of the departed Theosophist, except those obvious generalities that were common to us all. I saw the T.S. laid in ruins by him—and one may almost say, by him alone.

Without him Mrs. Besant would never have made the errors from which she suffered so much disillusionment. Her lieutenants would never have wandered into devious ways. We might have made the T.S. a power for good, and kept together the thousands of serious, studious persons who once belonged to it.

Perhaps it had to be!

THE TWO FAMOUS OLIVERS.

DR. ARTHUR KING, Eastleigh, in a letter to the *Daily Mirror*, says:—

"Some time ago, walking on a road leading to the scene of some of Oliver Cromwell's operations, I observed two houses standing on adjoining properties. One bore the name 'Cromwell Lodge,' and the other 'Oliver Lodge.' It suggested itself to me that a subtle wit was supporting historical nomenclature."

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Pre-Existence.

MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING.*

LAST month we wrote on the great topic of Immortality. An octogenarian clergyman, for many years the revered and well-beloved father of his people, sent us a postcard from his Cornish retreat saying—"Your leading article on Immortality is good and thoughtful, but what ken ye about Pre-existence?" From which question, you can guess he was a Scotsman and a thinker, who pursued the Socratic method of bringing ideas to birth in his younger friends by probing their knowledge to test its rational quality!

"What ken ye about Pre-existence?" is a question one might call a poser. It goes to the roots of the fundamentals. It has proved a veritable Gordian knot which has for ages defied unravelling. Men have struggled with it, and have apparently achieved little more than to make its tangle more complex—to increase their own confused perplexity. At this late hour of the day we are still asking, like Montaigne—"Que sais-je?" (What do I know?). We are still wondering whether any knowledge of Pre-existence is accessible to us, or whether we must for ever remain in darkness as to who or what we were (if we were) before our birth.

Can it be that the question is beyond the capacity of human reason? Are we fated still to go on answering it by vague generalities that mean little or nothing? We have all heard of the precocious child who, when asked, "Where did you come from, baby dear?" replied, "Out of the Everywhere into here"—an answer that sounds very wise indeed, but tells us nothing we can grasp and examine. At most it suggests that here we are particular beings who have come somehow out of the Universal, but by what path we have travelled, or whatever we may have been in our pre-earthly pilgrimage, it does not instruct us. It leaves us just as wise as Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who said "Specs I grewed!"

Yet we ought not to despair of reaching the truth, which assuredly lies somewhere open to our persevering search. "What ken we about Pre-existence?" Let us try to clear the ground and find perhaps where the elusiveness of the problem lies. We do know something about the pre-existence of our physical body, for though its reality dates only from our birth every particle of it, science tells us, has pre-existed in a great variety of combinations—inorganic and organic—since the beginning of time. We know also that it has arrived here through a long avenue of ancestors, who have contributed the distinguishing traits and peculiarities of its particular form. We need not linger therefore over the question of physical pre-existence.

But we are more than a physical body. Spiritualists especially understand that we are also a spiritual body, a body celestial, which we carry about with us even here, and which will retain our personal form in the life hereafter. Has that then pre-existed, and been somehow linked on to our physical body at birth, or has it come to us concurrently by the same route as our physical body? Does it, like the butterfly in the folds of the caterpillar, abide ever within us, awaiting its full freedom at the death of the physical body? That was the supposition of Socrates, the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, and the teaching of

leading Spiritualists. Our spiritual or psychical body, the etheric counterpart of our physical body, has become ours, not by some arbitrary miracle, but in the ordinary course of Nature, and like our physical body has come through the ever-flowing ancestral stream.

But are we not something more than a physical and a spiritual body? That question is the very crux of the problem. Are we not more than a dual being, namely, a triune being? Are we not only a body and a soul (a body terrestrial and a body celestial) but a spirit as well?

Probably you will answer at once, "Yes, certainly we are all spirits!" But go slowly; you must examine carefully what precisely you mean here by the word "spirit," for we are now attempting to dissect the whole content and constitution of man! Do you mean by spirit that part of a man's make-up which survives his earthly life, manifests to us as a psychical body, and communicates with us in various ways after death? Then though that is often called a "spirit," it is not what is meant when we speak of man being a body, a soul, and a "spirit."

Something different from that is always intended by those who are struggling hopelessly with the problem of Pre-existence. Is there not something within us, they ask, akin to or a smaller counterpart of God who is Spirit? Are we not each a particular, independent, self-contained finite spirit, as God is the universal and infinite Spirit? Is there not within us such a spirit, in addition to our body and our soul?

The question we ask, on the other hand, is whether, by supposing that there is, we do not simply import or imagine a something more, as an integral and essential part of our being, which is not really a part of our being at all—and hence all our perplexity and confusion in dealing with the problem of Pre-existence? Does an individual spirit (as God is Spirit) reside within us, as a part of our self, or does the One Universal Spirit simply manifest through us, as it manifests through every other part of creation? When you use the word "spirit" as applied to a person, are you not really referring to his "soul" after it has left his physical body?—both words being used for the same thing at different stages of its existence?

Or, again, may it be true that some already fully individualised "spirits," which have been living through the ages, now inhabit us, as believers in Reincarnation teach? Or is there within us some indefinable spiritual essence akin to God which holds the master-key of our being, as some theologians have taught us. Or, are we—as a body and soul—merely the most highly evolved organism in the Universe, through whom the all-pervading Universal Spirit is able to manifest Himself in greatest fullness? It strikes us that just here may lie the key to the problem, and we place the idea before our readers for their critical examination and discussion. If the truth herein lies, all puzzlement as to our having pre-existed as individual "spirits" will be dissolved.

An analogy occurs to us that may be helpful in considering our place in Nature as spiritual beings, for that we really are. Think of a stream of electricity as it comes from the power station, along what is called the main. We think of it as a force, but as Lord Kelvin himself confessed, we really do not yet know what it is. It is in the wires, along our streets, and in our houses. It is silent, invisible, neither hot nor cold—an absolutely quiescent store of imponderable force. It might as well not be there for all we should know, if it did not pass through certain appropriate apparatus by which it can manifest. But meeting such apparatus, what miracles happen! It moves our railway trains and tramway cars, it heats our offices or boils our kettles, it illuminates our rooms, or it gives us a gentle vibratory stream of healing power. It could do none of these things without the appropriate manifesting mechanisms. But provide an electric motor, an electric stove, an electric lamp, and an electric battery, and it does all these varied acts. It moves something, heats something, lights something, and vibrates through us in a healing current. For it is a richly qualitative force, and these different kinds of mechanism simply manifest one or other of its qualities.

Now, similarly, let us think of the Universal Spirit pervading the Universe. It is powerful, silent, invisible, quiescent, just as we saw the electricity was. But you will look all over the world in vain if you seek for anything which is not manifesting it. The three kingdoms of animals, vegetables, and minerals are showing it forth in many of its myriad qualities

(Continued at foot of page 122)

* NOTE.—This brief article was first published here in September, 1918, in a series of Studies on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, now being reprinted. It excited a considerable discussion at the time: Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Principal Garvie, Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, and other distinguished philosophers taking part. Its teaching has since been adopted by many speakers and writers, and has thus become a part of accepted spiritualistic thought, along with many new suggestions then presented in the "Studies."—Ed., I.P.G.

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The Life Story of Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard.

II.—THE COMING OF "FEDA," MY INDIAN CONTROL.

THE next time I really took up Spiritualism seriously would be about 1907. I met, quite accidentally, two sisters, and without any preliminaries at all, one of them said to me, "Are you a Spiritualist?" That was in London; I was introduced to them when I was out visiting. She said, "I think you are a Spiritualist." It seemed an extraordinary remark to make.

I said, "Yes, I am. Are you?" She said, "Well, we believe in Spiritualism, but we have had no experience of it, and we wonder if you would care to sit with us." I had been married then for two years, and when I told my husband, he said, "Yes, why don't you sit with them?" So they came to me, and we sat at a small bamboo table twenty-six times without ever getting a flicker of anything!

One of the ladies then got tired of it, and said, "We will never get anything." No sooner had she said it than the table rapped and began to move. We had messages from various friends. My mother came through, and they had their mother, and then came a name which we could not make out at all. It was a long name beginning with F and had about ten letters. We could not pronounce it. We said to the spirit, "Whoever you are, can we pick out a few of the letters and call you by that?" The table rapped out "Yes," so we picked out the letters F-E-D-A, and that is how we got in touch with my control.

Then Feda started to tell me that at the early age of thirteen she had married someone called Hamilton. To my amazement, she said she was my Hindu ancestor on my great-great-grandmother's side. I knew then who she was, for my mother had told me about her when I was a child.

Then she said she was going to control me and work through me. I said, "I don't want to be controlled." I wanted to be clairvoyant, and to get it normally. She said, "No, you will have to be controlled, because your brain works in such a strange way that if you are not controlled you will interfere with everything we give through you." She said, "You must sit specially for me to control you."

So I began to think of it seriously after that, but I did not want to go into a trance. We still continued our table sittings, and had wonderful tests and evidence—things that could not be thought-transference because we never knew them, things that were happening at a distance which we proved afterwards to be true, so many things! We went on like that for several months, and Feda used to try to control me, but it was eighteen months before she really got control.

Really, it was only when I gave up trying, and was getting rather bored with the proceedings, that she really got through. She has told me since that it was my trying so hard that was the obstacle, for when I had once made up my mind to allow her, I concentrated on it and wanted to get ahead with it. When Feda first controlled me she used to speak in a whisper, and seemed not to quite understand, when she got through, what she

had to do through me. She kept on saying, "Other guides are going to help." It was awfully difficult for her. No, the sittings did not affect my health. I am much better in health since I developed than I was before.

At first we could not get Feda to understand what was serious and advisable. For instance, we were sitting with a few more friends, and one of them had a friend in trouble at a distance. She asked Feda to go to this friend and bring back a message if she were all right. Feda said she would go, and next day at the sitting she came, very excited, and said: "I have been there!" But she did not mention anything important. She said she saw a lady whose hair had been black, and now it was golden! She thought that a miracle and has never forgotten it. She had forgotten all about the person who was ill.

So we had to train her to attend to what we wished. She developed great obstinacy, and it took us eighteen months to get the idea into her of what she had to do. She would go to see people at a distance, and became clever at describing them. When at last she was able to do what we wanted, she said I must take up the work professionally. She said it was of no use my simply doing mediumship for friends, because something was going to happen on the earth plane in a big way, in which my services would be wanted. That would be about 1912. She was referring to the coming war, though I did not understand it then. I started to work professionally only four months before the war broke out. I was very diffident about it, as I had an idea I could not do this work to order, but Feda promised she would look after me from the commencement.

First of all I started giving circles in western London, and from the first moment they paid my expenses. Then the war broke out, and after a few months people were coming to me wanting actual tests about those who had passed on. Feda thereupon asked me to give up my public sittings, because, she said, the conditions were not always good, some people only coming for silly, frivolous things. She told me through a friend that at a circle on the previous day a boy who had passed on in the war had been most anxious to speak to his mother in the circle, but could not get through because two people present set up such frivolous, bad conditions for him. So I gave up the circles, though I thought it rather a pity, because I used to have a great many people. But everything went right, after all. No sooner had I started giving private sittings than I had more people wanting to come than I could take.

Next month's chat deals with "How I Found my Long-lost Father."

* * *

Rest assured that there is a divine love, as well as a human love which encompasses us, the dead and the living together, which leads us through deserts and solitudes for a time to make us extend the sphere of our affections beyond living relatives, to other men, to Himself, and to the unseen world.—*Professor Jowett.*

Trance and Transfiguration.

SPIRIT MOTHER'S Expedient to Communicate with and Comfort a Bereaved Husband.

MR. ALAN DAVIES (as we shall call him) has had forty years' experience of active work in the Spiritualist Movement, and during that time he has conducted services in London, and elsewhere throughout the United Kingdom.

At the time of our narrative, he was stationed on Mission Work in D—, and his wife, who kept on their home in M—, passed out unexpectedly after a brief illness. Their children were put in charge of the grandmother, and after the funeral Mr. Davies returned to D—, to take up his work there, depressed and grief-stricken, but impelled to carry on by a sense of duty.

Some six weeks after his wife had passed over he had a letter from the grandmother informing him that the eldest girl (aged nine) had unaccountably taken to falling asleep at odd times, in all sorts of places—even out-of-doors. She feared there was something seriously wrong with the child.

Mr. Davies was naturally alarmed, as he imagined some malady like sleeping-sickness was threatened. The letter arrived on a Thursday, and he had advertised a Service on the evening of the following Sunday. As he could not conveniently find a substitute, he decided to stay on in D—, to take this Service, and travel home on Sunday evening. Meantime he wrote the grandmother in reply, at the same time sending on a prescription supplied to him by his Japanese Spirit-healer.

After the close of his Circle on Sunday night, he travelled by the last 'bus, and arrived at his mother-in-law's house about midnight. He had a talk with her, and she gave him further particulars about the child's strange seizures. When out in the street, going on some errand, the child would fall asleep, sometimes even in a standing position, and her grandmother was in a great state of agitation, as she could not understand the matter.

A doctor had been called in but he could find nothing to account for the sleeping turns. The only unusual thing he observed was that during these attacks her pulse was four beats below her normal rate. Otherwise there seemed to be nothing wrong. He gave a prescription which, curiously enough, was the same as that given by the Japanese guide, sent on beforehand by Mr. Davies.

As stated, it was very late when he arrived, and the little girl was in bed, apparently in a normal sleep. Mr. Davies decided to wait until morning before speaking to her, and he sat down to rest and watch beside her for a few minutes before he retired. After his long day and tiring journey he felt depressed, and he was harassed by fears for his daughter's health.

While he thus sat passively, the little girl suddenly raised herself in bed on her elbow, and rested her head on her hand. Her face gradually changed or was transfigured until the features took on the look of her mother, now in spirit life. Looking at her husband in the old tender way, she spoke, in the tone so familiar to him—the voice of the mother not of the child—"Alan, I am glad you have come. I have been trying to get back to you and the children."

The caution of the professional medium checked Mr. Davies' first impulse. He distrusted his own mediumship, his clairvoyance, his subconscious mind, and so he answered, "Well, friend, I am glad to see you, but you might please first of all tell me your 'original' name."

"Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Alan?" she replied.

Now it was a habit of his wife during her lifetime very frequently to answer questions by quoting a text, or using Scriptural language in this fashion, and Mr. Davies had no doubt of her identity. But he still demanded the proof that he sought.

"I know you well," he said, "but if you are the one you claim to be, you will easily be able to answer my question." Again a text came.

"It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness," she went on, "but you know quite well my own original name was J—."

And she gave her maiden surname, a rather unusual one. This name was not known to the children.

Mr. Davies had then some conversation with his wife about the children and about his own worries. At her request he then drew near the child who, as controlled by his wife, in the old loving way threw her arms about his neck and said, "Alan, I will love you as always, even unto the end."

He was much moved and asked her before she went away to be sure that she removed the "sleeping" conditions from their daughter.

"Fear not," she said, maintaining her characteristic form of speech, "I will be with you to the end. I have come to watch over and help you all. Janey (the little girl) will be all right."

In the morning the child woke after a natural sleep, quite unconscious of anything out-of-the-way having happened. Before going to school, she came to her father and said how glad she was to see him again.

"But," she added, "you know mother has been a lot with me all this week!"

There has been no return of the trance symptoms since that night, so that apparently the mother has been satisfied with establishing her identity, and having speech with her bereaved husband. As she was also mediumistic it was no doubt comparatively easy for her to manifest in the old home.

It is incidents such as these that blow away like vapour the fine-spun theories of dæmonism. Why should any "personified Evil Spirit," in order to lure to ruin an experienced Spiritualist of forty years' standing, take the trouble thus to bring into sweet communion father, mother, and unconscious child, united by the triple cord of affection? In the simple and natural explanation of Survival and Spirit return, the strength and reasonableness of Spiritualism will hold against all absurd hypotheses!

A. M.

PRE-EXISTENCE.—(Continued from page 120).

all the time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was once criticised for describing God as a Force, but the word is good enough if we remember that He is an everywhere-present living Force that can and does manifest in an infinite variety of ways. As the electricity is able to manifest as light, heat, and motor-power, so God, the Universal Force, is manifested through all creation. Flowers, trees, and animals show forth His fragrance, beauty, and strength, and these may be called impersonal qualities of the Universal Life. But man alone possesses the organism by means of which God can manifest His qualities as a Person—His Love, Pity, Justice, Mercy, and Goodness. Without mankind the noblest qualities of the Godhead would remain unmanifested in the world.

But you ask how can man thus show forth God as Spirit, unless he himself is also a spirit? The answer is, just as the electric lamp shows forth the electricity, though it is not itself electricity. Electricity would remain unknown if it had to depend for its manifestation through a small portion of its own substance. Man, with his physical and spiritual bodies, is able to manifest the Spirit of God, even though he is not a particular spirit of the nature of God, who is Universal Spirit. Man is a spiritual being who can show forth God, in the same way as the lamp can show forth electricity, simply because his substance is essentially different from that of God.

If this view of the matter be the true one, we need trouble ourselves no longer over such problems as—Did we arrive on this world's stage as already individualised spirits?—If so, where did we come from?—How did we come?—Did our physical bodies precede the entrance of our "spirits"?—or were our "spirits" first in order of time, and helped in the weaving of their bodily garments? These questions are all ruled out if we rule out human "spirit" (as God is Spirit) from the elements of our make-up. If we be only persons—with a body and soul, and all these imply—we are yet privileged to be the ordained and only conscious manifesters of the highest personal qualities of the Eternal Universal Spirit we call God, in whom we live and move and have our being.

J. L.

Next month we shall treat of "Man as God Manifested."

It is the heart and conscience, and not the understanding, that has properly the perception of God.—Pascal.

May, 1934
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"The Secret of Immortality," by F. Bligh Bond.

A REVIEW: BY ROSA M. BARRETT.

SINCE Mr. F. Bligh Bond went to live in America, where he is working for the A.S.P.R., English readers have heard little of his writings. Most readers of this *Gazette*, however, will remember his discoveries at Glastonbury through the automatic scripts of "J. Alleyne"—the late Capt. Bartlett. The present book contains the more philosophical scripts obtained at various periods through the same automatist, but purporting to be given by "The Company of the Watchers," not, as previously, by "The Company of Avalon." They state that they are an ancient fraternity, whose special charge it is to watch over the destiny of Great Britain.

It may interest some, and must surely startle many, to learn that, acting in agreement with my brother, the late Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., "J. Alleyne" wrote these learned and philosophic essays, on a subject of which he knew but little, very rapidly, while at the same time Mr. Bligh Bond read aloud to him a book to which he gave close attention. Witnesses attest the truth of this astonishing fact. Moreover in one script quoted in this book by my brother, and taken down on *Good Friday*, 1918, the statement was made that the tide of war would change on *Easter Sunday*. The newspapers of that Easter Sunday had big headlines saying "*The Tide turned on Easter Sunday*."

Perhaps, as my brother suggested to Mr. Bond, when the automatist's mind is diverted from the script and the "conscious self is engaged in thinking and discussing what you are reading, the subliminal self is more free to act." Capt. Bartlett said that his attention was fully given to Mr. Bond's reading, and he "felt his hand to be moved quite independently of his own volition."

It is not possible to give in a brief review much idea of the learning and the philosophic teachings conveyed in these scripts. Definitions of religion, of consciousness, of the relations of Spirit, Soul and Body, are attempted, followed by statements that may seem to the uninitiated, rather far-fetched, as to the symbolic meaning underlying nature and art, as shown in architecture, etc. The Watchers themselves, while saying that much is, and must be, mysterious to human intellect, also say that their own knowledge is limited. They have, it is true, an intuitive knowledge of much that is hidden from men, but when they try to translate this into earthly terms they are baffled. But "as regards the conditions of earth-life, its history and progress, and in fact all matters in which the Time element is involved, we are able to speak with no uncertain voice."

I may state that the scripts were received during the years 1918 to 1920, and that they are interspersed with Mr. Bond's explanations and comments. There are several introductory pages, emphasising the triune nature of man and giving certain definitions. Thus, Consciousness, he states, "is an awareness of ourselves," and Religion (not creeds) is the chief concern of Life. We have two opposing forces in our nature: (1) the instinct of self-preservation by which Personality is developed. Then (2) comes disillusion, and either an instinct for oblivion or, in a nobler aspect, a motive force leading man to sacrifice self in the interest of others or of a cause; and then to Sacrifice for a greater end, or for absorption into the greater Life that is God.

There is nothing perhaps specially new in this, but following this come many suggestive thoughts. The Mind has power to link together the temporal aspects and co-ordinate these into a lasting whole—a Power working through Memory and Imagination. Here Mr. Bond dwells somewhat on a theory he has already put forward in his Glastonbury scripts as to a Group Memory—that is, the Memory of countless ancestors revived in some member of the present generation. It is intuitive rather than acquired knowledge.

It will take careful study and thought to follow the philosophic system given; it embraces symbolism, as already mentioned, and such activities as architecture, music, language, science, religion, etc., and if one remembers that these recondite writings were taken down by an automatist who had not studied such subjects, and whose normal consciousness was ab-

sorbed in the book read aloud at the same time, the marvel deepens and one feels how great must be the subliminal region of the mind, of which most of us make so little use.

Then come the heartening words as to certain ordeals being a sort of growing-pains of a higher order of consciousness gradually developing within us and giving protection when body and soul are separated: "The soul-mind in man is building those finer vestures which shall be its abiding tenement . . . in these he will have peace, comfort and security."

Man was originally spiritual and psychical, says one script, and those whose psychical senses are still unclouded will "have an abiding sense through life of their Union with Life, the Life that is in all things: these can feel themselves in very truth a part of Nature. . . . For such the dissolution of the body will convey no fears, for they will intuitively recognise death as a change in the form of perception, the shifting of the focus of the conscious attention from the outward to the inward phase of life."

In one of the later scripts, it is said that "Man has an intuitive awareness that the living Individual is but a mere expression of some greater Invisible." In the body "he is drawn into an ever closer association with his brethren in the flesh; . . . he is as yet but vaguely aware of that vast and more intimate World of Spirit, of which he is a part—that great Congregation of spiritual entities which are indeed around him, within him, and in sympathetic union with every cell and centre of his unconscious being."

As without resistance, there can be no force in the material world, so is it in the spiritual. Thus there is the antithesis of light and darkness, energy and resistance, etc. The redemption of the Intellect depends on the purified Intuition. The Sun, the greatest of all symbols, has always been there, but unseen through clouds. The scripts go on to disclose the inner meanings of this symbol and to show how the higher manifestations of the energies of the Inner Kingdom, show Immortality, for the cause of death is Matter resisting Spirit.

There follows a script on Memory, as a function of spirit: facts and emotions leave an indelible impression on the soul, hence personality is built up. Discord is harmonised, matter led captive, and man sees the dawn of a life of beauty and activity, "that knows no end and leaves no possibility unsatisfied." (I recall in this connection a favourite verse of mine in the Psalms, "I shall be satisfied when I awake.")

Memory, the scripts say, is an effort of the mind. "The original spiritual vibrations . . . were gradually occluded by . . . his growing materialism." Hence the loss of man's early spiritual inspirations. But this experience was necessary, though evil, for thus were developed his rational and intellectual faculties. The Watchers say that they are permitted to stimulate man's reasoning powers, but they cannot cross the borders nor break down the barriers. Though it is impossible here to enter fully into the teaching unfolded, I cannot but quote a few further words (already published in the *Hill of Vision*):—

"Turn not from the Light; the Light of the world is the consummation of all things human . . . As the power of the material fails, so will the Spirit strengthen." This failure is not, they say, decay, but pruning, so have no fear: "Look beyond the immediate to the ultimate issues. . . . Those that prune the tree weep not for the dropping leaves . . . ye, who are the healthy and regenerate Tree, rejoice now and do not sorrow ever."

The last scripts contain some very re-assuring and comforting words with which I conclude. After speaking of the power of collective prayer, the Watchers say, "You have the evidence of the readiness of response and of intercommunion between the two spheres," and then, describing how this spiritual approach may be expressed, they continue, "Where Love is, there Remembrance lingers, and true love is never broken . . . The spirits who love, love exceedingly, and they hold those whom they have left on earth in eternal remembrance . . . moving them often in dreams and in times of stillness . . . Every thought of them that you cherish is, by sympathetic response, known and felt by them." They add they return to earth for no light reason, but often with great sacrifice, and when delegated to perform some ministry. Those ministering spirits who choose this work are members of a vast company who constitute the Church Invisible.

Great Meeting at Cheltenham.

SPIRITUALISM is making remarkable progress in fashionable Cheltenham, where Miss Emily Maude Bubb and her revered Father established a Spiritualist Church only a few years ago. Miss Bubb, who is Vice-President of the Church, organised a propaganda meeting in the Cheltenham Town Hall for March 27th, and it was the largest meeting of any kind that has been held there recently. Seventeen hundred people assembled to hear Mrs. St. Clair Stobart—the heroine of a hundred battles, material and spiritual—discourse on Spiritualism. Major-General Sir H. Thuillier, of Cheltenham, presided, and said that if peoples were convinced of the truths of Spiritualism they would not go to war with each other, and all sorts of other important problems would be solved.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart opened her address with this challenging assertion:—

"Spiritualism is either fact or it is fiction. There is no half-way house. If one example of survival can be proved by trustworthy evidence the whole case for Spiritualism is proved."

A Prophetic Vision About South Africa.

IS IT SECEDING FROM

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, a veteran Spiritualist of Glasgow, sent us the following account of a prophetic vision he had on March 29th, 1932, and asked us to keep it for reference.

His friends on the Other Side of the Veil had told him they would give him prophetic dreams and visions, and Mr. Campbell felt that this dream was a warning whose publication at the proper moment might help to prevent its fulfilment. Happily it has not yet come to pass but there have been certain ominous newspaper reports in that direction, which we shall give below:—

THE PROPHETIC VISION.

Mr. Campbell wrote:—

"I had a remarkable experience last night (March 28th, 1932) which I would be glad if you would file for further reference. Please note, I was fully awake all the time.—

"I had just retired for the night and thought I heard people speaking. Listening carefully, there appeared to be several people talking, and they seemed to be very excited.

"The language appeared to be German, but Dutch words occurred. Since then I have realised it must have been South African 'Taal.'

"Then two men appeared, fully materialised. One of them came over to me. He said, 'I am Louis Botha,' and added something else. His voice, however, became very indistinct, and I said 'I cannot hear what you are saying.'

"He stood up, and appeared to concentrate for a few seconds. Then he spoke very clearly, 'South Africa will shortly leave the Union of British Colonies, and will create an Independent Federation with other two British Colonies.'

"He mentioned the names of the other two Colonies, but his voice again faded away, and I was not able to hear what he said."

NEWSPAPER INDICATIONS OF TREND.

On the 3rd of June, 1932, the *Scotsman* reported a movement for the secession of Natal.

On the 10th of August, 1932, the public

She said that if spirit-communion was and always had been impossible then the religion of Jesus must be relegated to the region of fairy tales.

"If communion with spirits was impossible then Jesus was either Himself deliberately deceiving the world, or was Himself deceived, or alternatively, the whole story in the Gospels was a fake or an invention. In that case the Christian religion, to-day avowed by countless millions of human beings, was founded on the biggest bluff or on the biggest lie in the records of mankind."

Mrs. Stobart claimed that Christianity could alone be saved to the world through Spiritualism, which had been the basis of all religions, and it was the duty of Spiritualists to show the Churches that Spiritualism without religion was not Spiritualism at all, but Psychism (a truth this *Gazette* has been trying to hammer in for over twenty years).

Excellent clairvoyance was given by Mr. Thomas Wyatt, of London, Miss Bubb having first appealed to the audience for complete quiet, harmony, and sympathy while the spirit messages were being received.

Mr. John Hartland presided at the organ, and the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was sung.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE?

Press reported a meeting held for the formation of a Natal Devolution League.

On the 24th of December, 1932, the Press reported that the formation of a National Government, with Mr. Tielman Roos as Premier, was regarded as a certainty.

On the 16th of February, 1934, the *Daily Record* reported a persistent agitation for secession, and

The *Daily Mail* of February 16th, 1934, reported new moves in South Africa.

These indications may appear as yet as "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand," but Mr. Campbell thinks the time is ripe for the publication of his prophetic vision so that the public may take notice of what is happening, for should the cloud grow and extend to other Colonies the solidarity of the British Empire would be seriously threatened, and that would be a calamity to the whole civilised world.

* * *

A SCOTTISH CLERGYMAN AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE Rev. Colin Livingston, formerly a minister of the Scottish Congregational Church, about eighteen months ago, resigned his charge to take up psychic work. In a lecture at Edinburgh under the auspices of the Scottish Psychic College.

Mr. Livingston claimed that since he left the Church his ministry, as was suggested to him psychically, has been enlarged rather than hindered. The chief influence in inducing him to enter upon his new sphere was his mother, who died when he was twenty years of age.

He related how he had found himself restrained under the rules of his church from thinking constructively on psychic matters and how he could not reconcile his conception of a spiritual God, who must be "worshipped in spirit and in truth" with the tenets of his Church. He declared that no conscientious clergyman could serve God as a go-between or shepherd of the flock unless he utilised the mediumistic talents latent within him. Nothing less than a spiritual religion, he said, could be a real religion.

May, 1934
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Is the World Turning to Religion?

GREAT NOVELIST'S REMARKABLE ARTICLE ON FAITH.

WE ask ourselves—Is the world beginning a new religious phase in its progressive history? There are at present clear symptoms of a decided reaction from the long cold spell of Materialism and Agnosticism that has ruled our modern thought and ways of life for the past two generations.

"A Rural Dean, a man of wide wisdom, said to me only recently (says a writer in the "Greater World"): "The people have never been more interested in Religion than they are to-day, but they long for the simple teachings of Christ and are tired of systems and quarrels. They should follow a Person instead of a System."

We believe this to be an acute observation of the signs of the times. The secular Press seems to be alive to it. The *Daily Mail*, for example, recently published, in daily instalments, Charles Dickens' "Life of Our Lord," which the immortal author intended only for the instruction of his children.

The Editor of the *Mail* also introduced the Salvation Army Week of Self-Denial by a leader-page article from his own pen, urging his millions of readers to give to the Self-Denial collection, adding—"Believe me, the value that you will receive for your money will be beyond mortal reckoning."

A few weeks before he printed one of the most remarkable spiritually helpful articles we have ever seen in the place of honour of any newspaper. It was entitled "I Believe that Faith would have cured me," and was written by Mr. J. D. Beresford, the famous novelist.

THE EFFECTS OF CONFIDENCE.

Mr. Beresford begins his article by speaking of the effect of Confidence in games of skill. When a player is inspired by Confidence his shot goes home. When a team is anxious it collapses.

"For confidence or faith in oneself enables one to control in a way that few people understand, the subtle and intricate system of muscular reflexes brought into play in all games of skill.

"It means that when there is no doubt in the mind, no hesitation or conflict of purpose, your wish (not your will) to do this or that becomes so powerful that it can exercise a control over your bodily functions which, on occasion, may appear miraculous."

A person cannot exercise this wonderful power at will, he says, because he cannot do it by trying, in the ordinary sense. Directly he uses his intelligence to bring about the desired confidence he sets up one side of himself against another and is fighting resistances.

"The intelligence may be an admirable guide in many departments of life, but it is a blundering, uncertain master when it comes to the direction of the marvellous body that it inhabits."

Mr. Beresford says that what is true of games is true with much greater force of healing. We know nothing whatever about the guidance or directions of the strange processes that serve to maintain us in health. Indeed the less we think about them the better they work. Among the effects of thinking too much about one's health are hysteria and hypochondria.

THE RIGHT CONDITIONS FOR HEALING.

Referring to "faith healing" and "a direct divine influence" he admits the evidence but affirms that such influence is used only when the sufferer is in the right condition to respond to it.

That condition is "Complete Harmony of the Personality, brought about, except in very rare instances, by only two powers, Faith and Love, and these are so closely allied that for most purposes they may be regarded as one and the same."

He says that when a person falls in love his or her health tends to improve. "The reason is that the personality has achieved a temporary harmony; for the time being all conflicts are resolved."

FAITH HEALING.

"The same result is brought about by perfect faith. The intellect and judgment are at one with all the spiritual beliefs, and the bodily desires are momentarily absorbed into the great stream.

"This one-ness of the personality, in which every element may be said to be singing in harmony, is shown in religious ecstasy, and it is a necessary condition for faith healing.

"When we speak of it as 'Faith' what we really mean is a singleness of belief, and that singleness can never be won so long as the intellect and judgment have any tendency to stand apart and, as it were, look on . . ."

"Such powerful enemies to physical well-being as fear, anxiety, and anger imply conflict and disharmony, and are completely eliminated when faith or love take firm hold of us. To have true Faith or to be truly in Love brings an inward peace and confidence that is evidence of unity . . ."

"When the natural processes are not interfered with by the conscious mind they have marvellous powers of recuperation, and the single united desire of the whole personality to be cured can work wonders."

HOW TO ACQUIRE FAITH.

But how can that perfect condition of faith be attained?

Mr. Beresford says:—"The simplest method is to find some inspired person who has it already. They are few, terribly few; but the signs by which you may know them are their beautiful love for all humanity, and the effect of peace and quietness which surrounds them.

"Then, having found such a one, you must give him all your confidence, surrender your will and judgment, and allow his spirit to pass on to yours something of his own faith.

"Another method is by exactly the same kind of belief in, and submission to, Divine Authority.

"Finally, and hardest of all, it may be achieved by thought; and if I had known thirty years ago all that I know now I could have cured myself of the paralysis of my left leg that I have suffered since early childhood. I could not cure it now because the wish to be cured has left me.

"These cures, I repeat, are not achieved by the exercise of the will but only by the domination of the single-minded omnipotent wish that brings all the body into harmony."

Mr. J. D. Beresford herein teaches us how to develop complete harmony of the personality by faith, love, and confidence, aided by contact with inspired persons whose beautiful love for all humanity surrounds them with an atmosphere of peace and quietness. No preacher could have shown us the Way to the Kingdom of God more effectively.

* * *

A Sense of Supplication.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are,
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed.

—Coleridge.

"Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

From the "International Psychic Gazette" for May, 1914.

SEANCE WITH CECIL HUSK.

WE had the pleasure, a week or so ago, of attending a private seance with Mr. Cecil Husk, arranged by Mrs. Duffus, of Elstree, for a few friends.

The famous old gentleman is almost blind, and he appeared to be very feeble. He got out of bed specially to give this sitting, and he quietly talked to all with his well-known courtesy. The five sitters and the medium all joined hands round the table.

Mr. Husk soon lapsed into deep trance, and within a few minutes a musical box, weighing forty-eight pounds, was lifted from the centre of the table by no human hands, carried over the heads of two of the sitters, and placed gently on the floor. Then the box was wound up at great speed by the same unseen agency and began to tinkle out well-known tunes.

The phenomena were of the same order that have been described by Florence Maryatt, Gambier Bolton, and many others. A box of fairy bells, presented to the medium by Mr. Foot-Young, was lifted from the table and strummed upon in the air, but no music on them was attempted as they were found to be out of tune.

The strong voice of "John King," which made the whole room vibrate, was heard with the greeting "God—bless—you—all," and then showing his profile and his moving lips, he spoke to each sitter in turn. Mr. Foot-Young said the voice was just the same as he had heard it fifty years before.

"Joey," "Uncle," and "Ebenezer" carried on a running conversation; "The Cardinal" gave his benediction; a singer called Blanche sang beautifully; and a great number of materialisations were given to various sitters, most of which were recognised.

The spirit of one of Mrs. Duffus' Indian servants spoke to her in Hindustani; Mr. Stead showed his unmistakable features to the sitters, and urged them to go "Upward and Onward."

Madame St. Leonard drew attention to the great variety of voices, from the deepest bass to the shrillest soprano. Delicious perfumes were smelt.

Mrs. Duffus has suggested to us that some fund should be raised to help to make Mr. Husk's declining years comfortable and free from monetary anxieties, and she kindly offers to head a list of subscriptions for this purpose with a donation of £5.—J. L.

MR. ALAN LEO: A VEXATIOUS PROSECUTION.

Among the most recent victims of the oppressive proceedings by the police are Mrs. Letheren, of Exeter, and Mr. Alan Leo, the well-known astrologer.

Mrs. Letheren has been for nine years a minister of the Church of the New Dispensation at Exeter. She testified that she had a *bona fide* belief in her prophetic gifts, that she made no charge for her services, and that any voluntary gifts were handed over to the church, which paid her a salary. The detective who "trapped" her, admitted that he did not ask to have his fortune told, and was not, therefore, deceived. But this lady was fined and convicted all the same.

In the other case Mr. Alan Leo is a thoroughly respectable and reputable astrologer. He has practised his long established art in London for a quarter of a century; he is President of the Astrological Society; he has been Editor of *Modern Astrology* for twenty-four years, and has done more to popularise modern astrology by his valuable publications than any other man in the country.

No public complaint against him has ever been suggested. But a detective sent for and received a horoscope. And that was considered quite sufficient evidence for a vexatious prosecution.

The detective had no fault to find with the horoscope. No attempt was made to prove fraud or deceit. The prosecution were content to proceed on the general ground that casting a horoscope was unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes with intent to deceive his Majesty's subjects.

Mr. Leo had excellent counsel, who succeeded in getting the charge dismissed on a technical point, though he was not allowed expenses.

What we wish to ask all who are interested in Spiritualism and occultism is how long they mean meekly to allow themselves to be oppressed by such monstrous and anachronistic proceedings.

Mr. E. R. Serocold Skeels, in a letter to the Editor on these fortune-telling prosecutions, recalled certain dicta laid down by the Divisional Court in *Reg. v. Entwisle*, on April 15th, 1899:—

Mr. Justice Channel, in his judgment, said: "In order that there may be a conviction under this statute (5 Geo. IV. c. 83) it is necessary that the things should be done in order to deceive."

Mr. Justice Darling, who presided, said: "In my opinion, if a person were to say, 'Well, I am not a real fortune-teller; I cannot tell fortunes; what I am about to tell you, by means I am about to take, must not deceive in any way, but now I will pretend to tell your fortune,' then I think no offence would be committed."

Mr. Skeels suggested that palmists, clairvoyants and so-called fortune-tellers in order to safeguard themselves should print forms, embodying this judgment, and get every client to read it over before the sitting, and add a memorandum that he has done so.

"JULIA'S BUREAU" TO BE REVIVED.

It gives us extreme pleasure to be able to announce that the work of "Julia's Bureau," which was so dear to the heart of Mr. W. T. Stead, and for which he made such enormous sacrifices, is about to be revived.

In August, 1912, an appeal was issued by Miss Estelle Stead for assistance to continue the Bureau, but the response was so inadequate that the project had, with great regret, to be abandoned. Lady Lewis, widow of Sir Herbert Lewis, has now come forward and has generously undertaken the sole responsibility of re-starting the movement.

Miss Stead is lending her father's valuable Borderland Library, which comprises books covering every branch of psychic interest, and these will be available to the members. Lady Lewis will personally preside over the Institute, and she will receive whole-hearted assistance from Miss Stead and from Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, who was so closely associated with Mr. Stead in his Bureau, while the *International Psychic Gazette* intends to further its success by keeping its readers well informed about the Bureau's operations.

Mr. J. J. Vango, who was one of Mr. Stead's most trusted mediums, will be the "living link between this world and that beyond the grave" for members wishing to communicate with their relatives and friends who have passed over.

The aims and objects Lady Lewis contemplates are very definitely those of Mr. Stead, who wrote of Julia's Bureau that it was "not established to solve scientific problems, nor for the purposes of psychical research. Its one and only object is to help those who mourn to communicate with their loved ones who have passed over to another world, to heal broken hearts, to comfort Rachel mourning for her children, and to bring sure and certain knowledge of immortality to light by restoring death-divided friends and relatives."

[NOTE.—A further instalment of "Things Worth Recalling" from the *Gazette* for May, 1914, will appear next month.]

Mrs. Sylvia Thomson, in a lecture at the Edinburgh Psychic College on "the Faerie Kingdom," sought to make her audience live again in fuller reality the fairy tales of childhood, and to recognise the psychic laws governing the existence of "the little people" and their activities.

Mrs. Alfred Finch, formerly so well-known in Spiritualist circles as Miss Eva Clark, is with her husband organising a summer holiday camp at Ferry Farm, Wallasea Isle, Essex.

May, 1934

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THE TIME FACTOR.

ALTHOUGH experienced Spiritualists are aware that Time, as we know it on the earth plane, does not exist nor count in the vast Beyond, nevertheless, many fail to realise that when their spirit friends enter the aura of the earth for the purpose of helping and inspiring humanity in the flesh, and to send their messages through mediums, they are as subject to time, *pro tem*, as we are. For they have then descended from the fourth to the third dimension, and have their allotted tasks to perform by the clock and the calendar.

When a seance has been decided upon, the guides of the sitters, in conjunction with the guides of the mediums, rally the spirits who desire to send their messages to earth. The procedure is, as far as possible, carefully arranged beforehand, and where points of evidence are concerned, it will be seen that the time factor is most important.

More than once, I have heard the guide of a medium express regret at being unable to make a contact between a sitter and a spirit friend because the seance had commenced late, or the time had been altered at the last moment. The guide has said that the spirit friend had to get away to do other work, and that, had the seance commenced to time, all would have been well.

We must realise that spirits are not always at our beck and call any more than we are at theirs, and we should therefore be as punctillious about our plans to meet and shake hands with them across the Borderline as we should be to meet them in the bodily state, whether for business or pleasure.

SPIRIT DESCRIPTIONS AND MESSAGES.

An advanced spirit guide recently remarked that not so much what was said by a spirit control as what was felt mattered to an audience. Consequently, the same trance address delivered through different

mediums might be quite effective in some cases but not in others. The manner of delivery matters, the personality of the medium counts, and, as far as possible, it is arranged by the Wise Ones on the Other Side to deliver certain sermons and addresses through certain mediums.

The guide went on to say that words were at best a clumsy medium for the expression of spiritual and cosmic truths. The idea was what needed to be conveyed, for the souls of their hearers required feeding and not merely their minds. That is why hearers frequently find it difficult to express in words the ideas conveyed to their inner and spiritual perceptions. But that does not mean that the message, the idea, has not been grasped; for, later, after it has rested in the inner consciousness of the hearer it may at last find adequate and helpful expression in words. Even if it does not, still the soul was satisfied.

And with regard to clairvoyant descriptions and messages, it were well, he said, for mediums to realise that it was not always the description that was of first importance; often the message was far more effective; especially in the case of beginners, who, later, were able to learn from whom the messages had come.

COMMUNICATION BY TELEPATHY.

In the days of long ago, before men invented symbols and speech to convey their ideas and thoughts, they communicated with each other telepathically, even at a distance, and it has been suggested from the Other Side that telepathy is a much surer way to convey ideas than the clumsy medium of words. According to some of our spirit friends, telepathy will more and more supersede speech, for many people, both here and in the Beyond, are able to use it to-day to an extraordinary degree. There will then be less chatter; silence will be recognised as golden, and people will be more careful about what they think, as their thoughts thus reach more easily the minds of others.

Brief Notices of New Books.

The Objective and Mystery of Life. By the writer of "The Perplexities of Life." Cript House Press, Gloucester. 3/6.

What is the purpose—the Objective—of life here and hereafter? Is there a hereafter? Apparently many don't care; but it is merely a question of time until they will find themselves on the brink of the unknown and realise that they must care. But supposing there is no hereafter, what is the objective of life on earth? If this question can be satisfactorily answered, many would be happier and find life more bearable.

The author points out that there is an objective, and proceeds to define it. The Spirit of each one of us know it, but for a time the material part of us is blind—or seems to be—to the fact that the Spirit Within—the higher self of each one of us—knows that the objective of life, here and hereafter, is the discovery and attainment of the Godhead which lies within; the recognition of the fact that we are sons of God, and that life here is to be used for our development. We shall then realise that our real selves have a continuous conscious existence.

As far as this immediate material world is concerned, we shall leave it eventually. But that will not be the end of the journey, or the end of experience; merely a stage.

Then, if there is a spirit world, what is it like? What does one do there? From a manuscript by an unknown author, copied between December, 1887, and April, 1894, our author give us a glimpse of life in the Beyond; shows that there we shall reap exactly what we have sown on earth; that we shall have to face up to facts; cast off hypocrisy and unbelief, and proceed to understand ourselves and the nature of our existence. We shall be either happy or unhappy. The spirit world will be no Eldorado, but a stark reality. Therefore we had better begin to think now and put our house in order, and work toward the true objective right now.

This book will arouse profound thinking. The author shows how, step by step, he discovered the objective of life. Written in simplest language, entirely free from weird incidents, non-Spiritualists and Spiritualists alike will find it very helpful.

In Touch With God. By Rev. G. Cuthbert Batten, M.A. Rider. 2/- net.

Within these ninety or so pages, in simple language, and in clear bold type, we find a call to a richer and deeper faith in the Unseen, from a priest who boldly declares his belief in Survival. He stresses the need for retaining a belief in the After Life, because God wills and is able to make us happy. He shows the need for combining the modern belief in the good-natured God with orthodox conceptions of an all-powerful God. Yet, if God wills and is able to make us happy, whence all the evil in the world? The only answer is that evil is the distorted reflection of the Real. The remedy, the key to salvation and holiness, is in a tenacious faith in the perfection of the Real. Faith initiates the process of salvation, of which holiness or wholeness is the goal.

The author answers the riddle in many minds: Is the Bible the Word of God? One comes to understand that the character of the Unseen Reality is clearly shewn in the Bible when it is treated as an authority on its own subject—the progressive self-disclosure of the Living God. The Bible is the Word of God about Himself. It is not the word of God about science, natural history, geology, astronomy, eschatology, prophetic mathematics, history, geography, law, or even ethics and theology. "If," says the author, "I want information on such subjects I shall feel on much surer ground if I consult, say, some modern outlines. But the Bible is God's self-revelation, the most important knowledge of mankind. The Word of God about Himself in the Bible will never be superseded. All that can be said has been said about Him there."

This is one of the most eloquent and arresting pleas for a broader Christianity and a deeper faith in the Unseen, whence comes the only cure for our ills. It deserves the attention of all true Spiritualists who believe that the Church has its own part to play in bringing home the sacred fact of survival of bodily death.

G. de B.

* * *
Mr. John B. McIndoe has retired from the Presidency of the Scottish District Council of the S.N.U., and Mr. D. C. Campbell, Falkirk, has been appointed his successor.

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May 20th.—11 a.m.—Dr. H. P. Shastri
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Shaw Desmond
May 27th.—11 a.m.—Dr. W. J. Vanstone
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt

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